

Sorry

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Summary: Amber had Corny, but there was a certain redhead that she couldn't stop thinking about.

Sorry

Amber would have liked to say that the first time they kissed, it was an accident. Maybe, she'd been walking, and had tripped, and landed on Shelley's lips. Or that they'd been at a slumber party, and had begun to discuss their previous experiences with boys, and both girls decided that they needed a little practice in the kissing department. Unfortunately for them, or at least for Amber, that wasn't how it had happened.

She hadn't been necessarily attracted to the girl, and had never even considered kissing another female. In fact, Amber had been seeing Corny (albeit in the privacy of his dressing room) for a few months, and she had been relatively content with him. He didn't treat her like a child, and, in fact, made her feel like an older woman. She liked that he wasn't afraid to touch her, and that he had enough experience in the intimacy department to know exactly what to do with his hands, and how to make her moan his name. She liked that his skillful tongue could work over her, sending her into the heights of pleasure. She liked that he wasn't too careful with her, and that he didn't throw her around like some sort of rag doll. To be frank, it was the first time she had ever really been content in her life. But then, that's all it was. Not happy, not in love; just content.

She wasn't exactly sure where the desire came from, but it hit her hard one afternoon, just after the show had finished filming. There was something about the way Shelley's breath caught in her silky throat, the way her fingernails brushed the red strands of hair from her face that left the lower part of Amber's belly tingling. It frightened her and exhilarated her at the same time, for obvious reasons. She had never considered herself "that L word," and she had never been attracted to another girl, or woman, in her entire life.

Every desire she'd ever had, any fantasy she'd ever dreamed up, it was all with a man; never with a girl. And most certainly never with the one girl who pushed her in the middle of her dances, the one who sneered at her for no apparent reason. Still, the seed of attraction had been planted inside of her, and as badly as she wanted to deny it, she couldn't.

She didn't let herself act on it at first, of course. It was completely inappropriate, and she pretended to be revolted by the images of what Shelley's naked body might look like that popped into her head at random times during the day. Still, they were there, and she couldn't deny that when she thought about the sounds Shelley might make during orgasm, it made her body tingle. It made her want to brush her lips against the other female's, made her want to push her against a wall and slide her hand up Shelley's silky thigh, and under the full dress that was such an inconvenience. Still, she knew she couldn't do that.

She didn't even let it become a problem until one afternoon when she was with Corny. Her eyes were closed, and his mouth was working over her, his tongue skillfully bringing her to orgasm, and she began to let herself see Shelley. Shelley's head between her parted thighs, Shelley's fingernails tracing small circles on the sensitive skin as she knelt before her.

"Shel-" she had heard herself beginning to sigh, and her eyes snapped open suddenly. Corny didn't seem to notice; he was too busy with his task to notice the soft moan, so she assumed. Still, there was something unsettling about that moment; something that left Amber trembling, long after the waves of passion had subsided.

It was then that she knew that she had to taste Shelley's lips. Even if it was the biggest mistake she ever made, she couldn't wait any longer. Even if Shelley punched her, or spit on her, or spread nasty lies about her through school, she had to do it. She had to see what she was missing out on.

And so when Amber did get Shelley alone after the show one evening, the butterflies in her stomach were going crazy. She tried to make up some kind of false pretense, and the smug look on the redhead's face told her that she believed the lame excuse. In the time it took them to walk backstage, the time it took the other kids to scatter to the bus, Amber had worked up her nerve. She pushed Shelley against the wall, just like she had planned. The redhead let out a soft squeak of surprise at the sudden force, and Amber had covered her mouth with her own.

She kissed her long and deep, just like she had imagined she would. She let her tongue push between Shelley's lips, let it explore the warm cavity of her mouth. There was something beautiful about kissing another woman, at least Shelley, anyway. Corny's mouth always tasted of coffee and mouthwash, but Shelley's reminded her of vanilla, cinnamon, and strawberries. It reminded her of the perfect spring day; cool, and moist, and blissful. It left the fire in her belly burning, and her heart pounding.

That simple kiss was better than any of the orgasms Corny had ever given to her.

Shelley had hesitated at first, but suddenly had returned the kiss

with vigor. It was everything Amber had ever imagined it would be; it was beyond anything she'd ever imagined, as well. It was beautiful, and suddenly, Amber knew that she was addicted. Addicted to the taste of her skin, the taste of her lips; the taste of her feminine beauty.

She knew that she needed to say something to Corny. She knew that she would have a hard time explaining it to him. What she didn't know was that he wasn't as clueless as she had assumed him to be. He had heard her helpless sighs; he had noticed her lust-filled glances. He had seen the kiss. He knew that although he was still the one pleasuring her, it wasn't really him; not in her mind. He had known it for longer than even Amber herself had.

Amber continued to fantasize about Shelley, through the nights she spent with Corny, through the endless times she pretended to be thinking about him when actually, it was Shelley in her mind; it was always Shelley that she wanted it to be. Fantasizing wasn't as far as it went, though. On the night that Shelley gave Amber the first orgasm she'd ever had via another woman, she had known that this was more than just sex; this was what it was like to be completely infatuated with another person.

Amber confessed the kiss to Corny more than two weeks after it had originally happened. She had cried for him, pleaded with him not to hate her. Told him that she still loved Corny, and that if it meant she needed to stop seeing Shelley to be with him, that's what she would do. Amber almost believed her own words, and almost felt sorry for what she had done.

But everyone knew that Von Tussles were never truly sorry.

End  
file.